

THE CLEANER



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The Gleaner

Vol. V

National Farm School, June, 1906

No. 12

National Farm School and the Farmer

(Valedictory by Bernhard Ostrolenk)

"The first farmer was the first man," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson, and we may safely add that the first community of farmers formed the first nation. The nation that cannot boast of an intelligent and well-to-do farming community stands on a tottering foundation. It is the privilege of the farmer to be the producer in the long list of division of labor that will attend all articles to the finished product. He stands individually firmly rooted in the soil of the nation. He owns part of the nation and in many cases he is the only one interested in the welfare of the nation.

Civilization with all its glories and humilities, with all its comforts to one class of people and discomforts to another class, with all its boasted education and deprecated ignorance has given the farmer the best of its wares. While it has made men in the urban districts abnormal, it has taught the farmer the power of nature, how to use it, how to adapt himself to it and how to model himself more closely after it. His long struggle to master the earth and his untiring efforts to control the most gigantic of all forces, the elements of nature, have made him a man in its fullest meaning. It has left him brawny and hardy physically, broad, resolute, patient and unyielding mentally. While his ideals are the most lofty, he is practical. Where nature

thwarts his efforts to plant an orchard by high winds, he sets a hedge of trees to obstruct the destructive force. Where nature has swamped whole areas of land, making them useless for his purposes, he drains them, keeping as much water as is essential. Where nature is niggardly in the supply of water, he irrigates, moistening the land at will.

But he not only has learned to fight nature, but he has learned to imitate it to his own advantage. He now prunes trees according to his wishes, before nature prunes them unintelligently for him. He has bred his animals and plants with a view of more economic production, replacing natural selection which is in many cases not as contributive to the result he desires.

The advance of sciences has taught him to increase the productiveness of his land to specialize on special soils, animals or plants, and to attain the maximum result from animals by most economical nutritious feeding.

The combat with insects, fungus, diseases and other enemies of the farm has been one in which more perseverance, energy, endurance and skill has been displayed than in any other warfare that is indelibly written in the pages of history. The singular yet scientific methods that have been pursued form another chapter in modern farming.

But the farmer must not be painted in color of gold, lofty, graceful, impressive, a leader with limitless possibilities of an orator or parlor case.

He is nothing that the above implies. He represents the meanest animal necessities of life. He works physically and mentally from sunrise till sunset, year in, year out, with small profits and little or no social advantages. He is slow but with an irresistible progressiveness. He feels and appreciates Carlyle's words to the fullest extent, "Toil on, thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; altogether thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for the daily bread."

To model such men as these was probably one of the thoughts that inspired the founders and directors of the National Farm School to start so singular an institution, but it was not the only thought. The one that predominated can most likely be expressed in Carlyle's impressive words, when with pity he looks on the overcrowded cities, teeming with poverty, ignorance and vice. "Too crowded indeed! Meanwhile what portion of this inconsiderable terrageous globe have ye actually tilled and delved till it will grow no more? One man in one year, as I've understood it if you lend him Earth will feed himself and nine others. Alas, where now are the Hengsts and Alarics of our still growing, still expanding Europe, who, when their home is grown too narrow will enlist and like fire pillars guide onwards those superfluous masses of indomitable living Valor equipped, not with the battle axe and war chariot, but with the steam engine and ploughshare. Where are they?"

To become those Hengsts and Alarics of the congested districts and especially Jewish districts was the high aim of the supporters of the National Farm School.

As the class of nineteen hundred and six departs from the institution that for four years has fostered and sheltered them, that has taught them

to be bread makers rather than bread winners, that has guided them on an unerring track to help in solving the so-called Jewish problem in that above all has made useful men of them in one of the most elevating occupations of all industries, a pang of regret knocks heavily against their hearts.

Regrets to sever connection with our honored and beloved President, Rev. Dr. Jos. Krauskopf, the father of this institution. His untiring efforts to advance the interests of the school, his encouraging and moralizing talks, and his kind acts towards us erring boys have given him a place in our hearts that no words can describe.

Regrets to sever connection with our Board of Managers, who disinterestedly and with the only motive of helping us have lavished their time and means on this institution.

Regrets to sever connection with Dr. J. H. Washburn, the head of the faculty, who with so much patience has taught us the practical things of life in a practical way. We will always think with high esteem of him.

To Prof. W. H. Bishop, who has implanted in us a love for mother earth, for animals and for work we sadly say farewell.

Regretfully we depart from the other members of the faculty who so patiently have taught and helped us.

To our fellow students we sadly bid farewell. We who have been with you in all joys, troubles and moods; have learned to know you, to understand you and to love you. It seems but a flight of fancy, that we are to sever the bond of good comradeship, and free and easy intercourse, that played such an important part in our Farm School life. We ask you one and all to promote the school activities, the Literary Society, Athletic

Association and The Gleaner, all of which we have been so long proud. To give us a place of remembrance and to adhere to the ideals of the school.

To the alumni who so bravely pioneered forth from this school into a work that had not been tried for generations by any of their ancestors, relatives or friends, a work where the future seemed dark and goalless, we wish to extend our esteem. It was their encouraging letters, of their success, of their progress and of the great possibilities that farming has opened for them that cheered our, at times, disheartened class. We fully appreciate the distinction conferred upon us as we proudly enter their ranks.

With our heartiest wishes for the success of our Alma Mater and its Aim, we the class of nineteen hundred and six bid you all our grateful farewell.

BERNHARD OSTROLENK.

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Breeding and Rearing of Dairy Cows—Tuberculosis in Cattle

The dairyman finds in his cows various kinds of machines which are used for the purpose of changing foods and grain into more salable and valuable products. As the machines are valued in proportion to the effective work they perform, so it is with cows; they are valued as to the amount of milk and butter they can produce for a certain amount of food given them. It is thus easily seen that the cow which produces fifty pounds of milk daily is worth twice as much more than the cow which gives twenty-five pounds per day, and consumes the same amount of feed. Here again we are impressed with the great advantage of home breeding and rearing of cows. The

owner of a good cow will not sell her, so we must rear our own cattle and produce such good cows as will pay us for the extra care and cash expended upon them.

In the art of breeding we are governed by several laws, first of which comes heredity, or "Like begets like," by which is meant that animals of certain peculiarities of form, color, habit and quality, when bred together, transmit their own characteristics to their offspring. This law has been so demonstrated by practical illustrations that it may be taken as a safe guide in cattle breeding. There is more or less family likeness in the human race, as there is in the lower animals. The progeny of a Jersey cow is always a Jersey, and the same is true of all other breeds.

All animals possess the power of transmitting their characteristics to their offspring to some extent, and by a careful course of selection this natural tendency may be so developed and so strengthened until the breed or strain has this prepotent power in such an eminent degree that the progeny partakes very closely of the character of the parent. This is a point which every dairyman should aim at. By the record of the milk produced and feed consumed we have found our best cows. It is now time that we also begin to breed them for cows, thus by developing all their good qualities to the fullest extent the purpose of selecting our future and having a male that is excellent in all his hereditary qualities, or those good qualities which he is able to transmit, it is not very difficult to produce first class calves.

When the cow is safely in calf, she should be fed in accordance with the new demands upon her system. As is known, the calf is most likely to partake of the disposition of the dam,

therefore, if the cow has any failing or fault, this should be averted during pregnancy by the most careful treatment, and every effort made to insure a gentle and docile disposition in the coming calf.

The calf should be taken from the dam two days after it is dropped and liberally fed. The food should be of a nutritious nature, and while it should be fed liberally, excess of food would be very injurious. By developing the calf through liberal feeding and gentle and kind treatment, a capacity for digesting large quantities of most nutritious food may be secured, and in time will become a characteristic which will be inherited.

The proper development of the milk organs is also important. The young animal should not be bred at too early an age. When two to two and a half years old the first calf may be dropped, but an interval of six months should elapse before she is bred again. This tends to give persistence in the secretion of milk and lengthens the period of lactation. The second calf would then come at three and a half years of age, when the young cow is well matured, and is able to perform at the milk pail. In the selection of a cow for milk producing purposes and for good breeding qualities, the following points should be considered. The cow should have a fine, long head, broad between the eyes, a thin, wide muzzle; the eyes large and of mild expression; the neck should be thin and long; the ears small and with deep yellow skin or inside; the whole body wedge-shaped, increasing in size to the rear; the legs thin with fine bone; the abdomen large and deep with a large capacity for food; the back broad and straight, with open vertebra; the bones of the rump wide apart; the tail long and tapering; the udder

large and full, especially behind; the teats good size and set wide apart upon a broad, level udder, and the milk vein, which is the large vein, leading from the udder and passing into the abdomen, and which is an indication of the amount of blood circulating through the milk glands, and contributing to the milk secretion should be full and with many twists or branches. A fine horn, a deep, yellow skin, a general form indicating no beefiness in it, are also indications of a good dairy cow.

The bull should have the special characteristics of the cow, differing, however, in development as becomes a male animal. The form of the head and body, the large, mild, eye; the fine, clear, waxy horn; the yellow lining of the ears; the yellow skin and general lightness and elegance of form, all go to indicate a good dairy animal.

A good calf should be of slender build, long and thin in the body, with a long head and long limbs, a bright large eye, thin ears, fine, thin skin and smooth hair, without any noticeable brisket. The teats should be placed widely apart, and the undeveloped udder should be loose and skinny.

The fact that we must depend upon our herd for our future cows makes it evident that it is necessary that every breeder and stock raiser should possess a general knowledge of the most dangerous infective diseases. The most dreaded are tuberculosis, abortion and milk fever. This will only permit me to touch upon the first of the three.

An infectious or contagious disease may be defined as a malady caused by the introduction into the body of minute organisms of a vegetable or animal nature, which have the power of multiplying indefinitely and caus-

ing many changes which sometimes result fatally.

In tuberculosis we have the formation of certain nodules or tubercles which contain bacteria called bacillus tuberculosis and which are the cause of this disease.

This disease has been known for many centuries and it has been proven that it is of a communicable nature, thus showing the danger in selling contaminated products.

Tuberculosis is prevalent in all civilized countries, although in some countries as Russia, Sicily and Iceland, it is quite rare. It has been found that in New Jersey, out of 2500 cattle tested for tuberculosis, 21.4 per cent. were found to be tubercular. From statistics on hand it appears that in the more densely populated areas of Europe and America from 5 to 50 per cent. of the dairy cattle are more or less affected with tuberculosis.

The cause of tuberculosis, as above stated, is the tubercle bacillus which gains entrance to the body, lodges somewhere in the tissues and begins to multiply at that point. As this bacillus grows and increases in numbers it excretes substances which act as irritants and poisons and which lead to the formation of a small nodule, called a tubercle at the point of irritation. As the bacilli are scattered through the body they affect many points, and cause the formation of a great number of tubercles. By their union masses of tubercular material are formed, and in some cases are of great size.

Of course, no cattle are immune from tuberculosis, but it is due to certain conditions of environment that make some animals more predisposed than others. If a cow is in poor condition, due to her being exposed to extreme temperature or un-

sanitary conditions, she will be more apt to contract the disease than those who are better cared for.

Cattle contract the disease in the following ways: By breathing the air that may be infected with bacteria, by taking contaminated food, during coition, when the sexual organs may be tubercular, or from the mother, who is affected with tuberculosis to the foetus.

In the first stages of tuberculosis, it is hardly noticed. At first, a dull, short cough is noticed. The effect on the body of the animal is very slight. Of course, as the disease progresses the animal loses flesh, appetite and runs down in milk secretion. After awhile the staring coat and the dry, hard skin are noticed. The animal then fails rapidly and dies from exhaustion.

The diagnosis of the disease by ordinary methods has been so difficult that the tuberculin test has been adopted and has proven itself very accurate. Tuberculin is a drug prepared by sterilizing, filtering and concentrating the liquid in which the tubercle bacilli have been allowed to live. This substance discovered by Koch has the effect, when injected into the tissues of a tubercular animal, of causing a decided rise in temperature, and if injected in animals free from the disease has no such effect.

This test should be made only by an experienced veterinarian who is very careful. In most cases the test has proven itself infallible and is employed for the detection of tuberculosis by the most prominent and careful dairymen of this country.

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Many married folks are now beginning to realize that the only road to true happiness lies through the divorce court.

Warner's First Folly

(Continued from May issue)

"Where's the guy who's running this here paper?" inquired a strapping young fellow, who was evidently the spokesman for the gang. As none of the other reporters vouchsafed to acquaint them with the desired information Warner felt it his duty to answer their interrogations; so assuming an air of bravado he sauntered forth to meet the chief. "I take it for granted that you refer to Mr. Whitney," (with special emphasis on the mister) exclaimed Warner by way of an opening remark. "Well, he's sick in bed at present and his successor is liable to drop in at any time, so if you wish to wait—"

"Wait," thundered the chief. "Who do you think we are? We want to see someone in authority at once. It's about that infernal lie about the stock yards that some fresh mug wrote up. We came here to grind out the truth and if need be, to make him eat the very lies he wrote. He'll have to write up a different tale and if he don't—" and the speaker brought his fist down upon the desk with enough force to cause an echo.

"And if he don't," chimed in the rest of the gang in chorus, "he'll get the worst horse-whipping that he ever felt or ever wants to feel."

"Gentlemen, calm yourselves," rejoined Warner. "Remember you are in the local room of the Globe and should not allow your wrath to take the form of boisterous boasts. If the Globe has made an error I believe it will rectify it."

The members of the gang looked at Warner in amazement. They were astounded at his calmness and plain spokenness, while the chief, whose anger had somewhat subsided continued:

"We're here, pal, in regard to that story about them steers dying for want of food and water. Dying be d——; stench arising be hanged. Why them steers won't arrive at the stock yards until next Tuesday and it will be a lucky day for us if they get in then. The guy that wrote up that article must have had a pipe dream or else swallowed a lot of dope."

"You had better see the managing editor about that article, gentlemen," exclaimed Warner. "He can be seen at his office any time after three o'clock," and he led the way to Mr. Ransom's office. "I know that he will be pleased to hear your complaints and rectify the error."

There were a few outbursts that would not look well in print and the disgruntled stock yard men shuffled out of the building (evidently bound for the nearest saloon) and vowing that they would not rest until the stock yards story had been contradicted in the Globe.

Warner had been thunderstruck at Rev. Barnes' disclosure, but the revelation of the falsity of the stock yard story, which he had played up with the best of his ability, quite upset him. He now realized the mess into which he had entangled not only himself, but the Globe as well. The Globe could not be relied upon as a truthful news source any longer, especially when it had such reporters as himself upon its staff. Its erstwhile high standing could no longer be sustained—and who was to blame? He was the culprit and would be adjudged as such. He had broken the Lord's commandments—he had written lies for an unsuspecting public to devour as facts. And what reward could he expect for such worthless performance of duty? A severe reprimand and a decrease in his weekly pit-

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Editorials

Significance of Graduation Day

All universities, colleges and schools have their graduation days.

The course of an educational institution is rotary, and, like our planet earth, has its yearly orbit after which the course starts anew with very slight changes or modifications.

If the Graduation Day marks a new period it is not so much in the life of the institution as in the life history of the graduates themselves, who are going out into the world to take up new duties and responsibilities, upon the conscientious fulfillment of which will largely depend their success or failure.

This year's Graduation Day in the Farm School will not only mark a

new life for the graduates but will also mark a new epoch for the institution.

The great improvements made in the various lines of practical and scientific instruction, the well trained staff of teachers, the better accommodations provided for the students and the new Adolph Segal Hall—all give ample proof of progress of the institution during the past twelve months and sufficient hopes that the school will continue to walk in the path of progress as long as able men will manage it.

The recent manifestation of interest from the Board of the Woodbine Agricultural School towards the National Farm School cannot be more than pleasant to us and something which is very promising for the future of both institutions.

The great teacher, time, has also hinted to the head men of the Woodbine Agricultural School that great benefit can be derived, not by ignoring the Farm School, but by working hand-in-hand with it. Since the aims and ambition of both schools are so much alike, namely to arouse the interest of the Jew to become a tiller of the soil.

* * * * *

It gave us great pleasure to hear Mr. Kellar the head man of the Woodbine Agricultural School, Saturday, May 19, giving us such encouraging words for the future prospects of the Jewish farmer. We cordially welcome the Woodbine visitors, and hope the ties of friendship will become the stronger as both institutions will come to realize the great benefit of co-operation.

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The wise prove and the foolish confess by their conduct that a life of employment is the only life worth leading.—Paley.

Hit or Miss

Marcus Leon, *Editor*

Kline, '09.—Why is "the candle of love" like a lamp?

Stern, '08.—Why?

Kline, '09.—'Cause it takes a good "match" to light it.

Freshman.—What kind of a doctor should I consult for that pain in my back?

Broad-minded Senior.—A bacteriologist, of course.

Prof. Bishop referring to the feeding of hens)—What is the best egg-producer, Wiseman?

Wiseman, '07 (who is half asleep).—The hen.

Prof. Baker (in physics).—Ratner, what part of the air is composed of oxygen?

Ratner, '09 (after a long pause).—Five-fourths.

Prof. Goldman.—Lieb, don't mix those strings with the feed.

Lieb, '09 (who is feeding the cows).—Why?

Prof. Goldman.—They may cause stringy milk.

Berg, '09.—Do you really think that a man is happy when he is drinking whiskey?

Feldman, '08.—Well it is a cinch that he is in good spirits.

Since the Freshmen have learned the game of tennis, they have been in the habit of raising a "rackett" in the dormitory.

Prof. Baker (in rhetoric).—Rock, what is the singular of "genera?"

Rock, '07 (after a few moments' hesitation).—I think it's "generation."

Ratner, '09.—Say, Berg, that hair cut does not fit you.

WARNER'S FIRST FOLLY

(Continued from page 6)

tance, the loss of his route or his walking papers. There could be but one alternative. Ransom would tell him to go and never show his face again. That would be a bitter pill to swallow—to have to slink off like a thief in the night, after four years of faithfulness. But surely Ransom would not take his four years of earnest labor into account after such an occurrence, and he (Warner) could not expect such leniency. What was he to do? Wait until Ransom had been acquainted with the news from other sources and then be called into the managing editor's office and be told of his errors, or go to Ransom himself and make a clean breast of the whole affair. Which was the more honorable? Surely the latter—although he would be playing the part of the knowing culprit. He would have to bend the knee and beg for mercy,—then await the verdict. Thus did Warner argue with his conscience until he finally decided to take the gentlemanly course and tell Ransom the truth and take the consequences.

When Saunders arrived a few moments later, Warner requested a leave of absence for the afternoon on the plea of feeling ill. Saunders readily assented, but, instead of returning to his home, Warner quietly entered the managing editor's office to wait his arrival.

Shortly after three o'clock, Ransom made his appearance and was surprised to find Warner waiting for him.

"What's wrong, Warner, about to hand in your resignation?" he queried

good naturedly. Warner did not reply until Ransom had been comfortably seated at his desk, when he opened up like a volcano and made a clean breast of the whole affair. He reproached himself for his foolhardiness and advised Ransom to give him an honorable discharge (in view of his past performances of faithful duty.)

Ransom had listened to his tale at first with incredulity and surprise, for he realized that Warner had always been a trusty reporter, but as Warner proceeded with all seriousness, his (Ransom's) temper got the upper hand of him and in his rage he bade Warner leave his office.

"I'll think this matter over," he exclaimed severely, "and in the meantime you need not report for duty. Instead report to me at nine o'clock this evening."

"My goose is cooked now," sighed Warner as he glided homeward, "and henceforth I can consider myself squelched. To-night I shall receive a good laying out and my dismissal."

At 9 o'clock Warner was promptly on hand. He had expected a gruff greeting, but instead Ransom pleasantly bade him "good evening" and motioned him to a chair.

"I have talked the matter over with the stock yards men," began Ransom, laying aside his work, "and came to satisfactory terms. We will print a contradiction of the story as it appeared in this morning's paper, in to-morrow's Globe. I have also smoothed things over with the board of health and the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Rev. Barnes did not make a complaint to me as yet, but if he does I will straighten things up with him also. Now I had a long talk with Mr. Saunders after you had left me and he was dumbfounded to learn the truth

of the affair, having not been acquainted with the details beforehand. He did ask too much of you, but even so you should have covered all of your assignments, if not perfectly, partially so as to get at the truth of them at least. Very well! You have been with us now for four years and during that time I never had one complaint about you. Instead Mr. Whitney always spoke of you in glorifying terms. Taking this into consideration—your four years of faithful work and comparing it with yesterday's non-performance of duty—I came to the conclusion that we could not spare you. True, the error which you were guilty of yesterday is an enormous one and has made a great deal of trouble for us. You should receive your dismissal at once, but I realize that you did not consider the enormity of your act at the time. Had you thought for the moment what the consequences might be you would never have done it. I will not reprimand you—your conscience has deprived me of that unpleasant duty. You have erred, still we are all fallible. But let this error be a lesson that you will never forget. You have humiliated yourself to come to me and tell me of your faults. Now go home and enjoy a comfortable night's rest. I think you will be fully prepared to start anew to-morrow."

Warner was a man and a hard-hearted one at that, his four years of reportorial duty having hardened him, but he could not control his feelings at that instant and the tear drops glided down his cheeks. Now that he was down, he had expected to be trampled upon. Instead he was lifted up and had received sympathy. None but he knew of that combat of his feelings within. He had not deserved such treatment at the hands of one whom he had so grossly wronged

still he appreciated it and he was man enough to acknowledge it.

"Mr. Ransom," he exclaimed as he arose and grasped the managing editor's extended hand, "your undaunted confidence in me after such an unworthy act on my part has taught me a great lesson. I have erred but it has been my first and last folly. Henceforth the Globe will never have cause to doubt a piece of news that I bring in. Good night." "Good night," responded Ransom, "I feel assured that you will keep your promise."

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Life in Singapore

The following is an extract of a letter received by E. I. Lee, '04, from Nathan A. Kurman, who attended the Farm School in 1902-03. Mr. Kurman is at present situated in Singapore, Straits Settlements, and gives a graphic description of life there.

"I am now working for the Singapore Electric Tramway, a new concern, and have been with them for nearly a year. I am night foreman and have complete control of the car shed and rolling stock, including some fifty passenger and freight cars. About sixty men of some ten nationalities are under my charge and I hire and fire to meet the circumstances. They include Chinese fitters and carpenters, Malays (from Borneo to Sulu), Indians (from Madras to the Himalayas) and some few Burmese. I am judge as well as boss. I have to deal with some of the ugliest customers on earth and have to use what little tact and diplomacy I can command. Anyone of those Malays is liable to turn professional cut-throat at a moment's notice. I always carry a revolver with me and sometimes have to be a little ostentatious in its display.

"Just about two months ago, a friend of mine, a young Englishman, foolishly showed some attention to a young Malay girl. She wanted to marry him because she said she liked him but he refused. She was the daughter of a Malay villager, and one night when four of us friends were reclining in chairs on his bungalow verandah, she came to the house with some crushed pine apples for him, stolen, no doubt, from her father's little Kahun (garden). We teased him about the girl and he exclaimed in the native tongue that he liked her better than any girl he had ever met. She took that as a regular marriage vow, as among Malays there is no such contract which we recognize in the States. There is a white-washed cross in the Bukit Siamah Cemetery that shows where he is lying. The girl put some powdered glass in his food because he would not claim her as his wife.

"Have you ever heard of an 'Amok'?" Well, I have seen three of them and don't want to meet any more. A Malay will get it into his head that he is to die, but must kill a few whites (infidels—the Malays are Mohammedans) first. He will then wander up and down the streets 'seeing red' with a kriss, (a two-edged wavy knife about 18 inches long) attacking all non-Moslems and especially Christians. Just two weeks ago an 'Amok' killed three white women, two Chinamen and a white policeman, who had wounded him. He knows he is to die and becomes desperate and furthermore believes that the more souls he can send to heaven, the better will be his paradise.

"Singapore is almost on the Equator. It is a hot spot; you can take my word for it. The place sometimes shakes or seems to with the heat. I have gone out, become drenched in a

(Continued on page 14)

Exchanges

Meyer Green, '07, *Editor*

With a good and successful past and with a prosperous outlook for the future in view, we are about to enter upon the publication of the last issue of the Gleaner for this year.

With this issue the activity of the present staff is at its close. No one will deny the fact that the editors have done their best to develop the Gleaner in all possible ways and it is to be questioned whether others in their places would have done better.

Friends: We humbly beg your pardon, if we in any way have not treated you right or have denied you justice. Really there was never so much pleasure for us as to sit with pen in hand, surrounded by a number of excellent exchanges, with artistic covers.

Utimum vale! We shall say ti you in conclusion. Our mission has ended and was well carried out. We sincerely hope that the coming Gleaner staff will do the very best to uphold the standard of our paper.

To the coming staffs of our exchanges we wish success in their enterprises and we are fully convinced that the privilege will not be denied to us by placing the Gleaner on the list of their next year's exchanges.

It would certainly give us very much pleasure, were it possible, to criticise in this number of the Gleaner each paper individually, but owing to the lack of space we are unable to do so. On the other hand we would show partiality if we attempt to comment on just a few exchanges, leaving out the rest. Thus we express our thanks and gratitude to the following exchanges received during the year 1905-1906:

Academy Monthly, Archive, Arms Student, Balance Sheet, Blue and White, Brown and White Canary and Blue, College Signal, Crimson and White, Cynosure, Distaff, Delaware College Review, Egypti, Herald, Ilakawinn, Ingot, Irving Echoes, Ishkoodah, Jayhawker, Lake Breeze, Mirror (Phila.), Mirror (Indianapolis), Normal Pennant, Oak Leaves, Observer, Old Hughes, Old Tyme Spinster, Owl (Phila.), Packard Budget, Pierce School Alumni Journal, Purple and White, Punch Bowl, Purple and White (Allentown, Pa.), Red and Black (Phila.), Red and Black (Reading), Review, Students' Herald, Spice, So-to-Speak, Spinster (Portland), Wa-Wa, Wyoming Student.

Latin Teacher.—What word in English comes from the word *facilis*, meaning something easy?"

Student.—"The faculty."—Ex.

A lawyer named Strange ordered his epitaph to be: "An honest lawyer." When the deal was accomplished it read, "Strange, an honest lawyer."—Ex.

On each end of the sofa

They sat in vain regrets;

She had been eating onions,

He smoking cigarets.—Ex.

Professor.—"You are the biggest fool here."

Excited Student.—"Sir, you forget yourself."—Ex.

Husband.—"I wish you could make bread like mother used to make."

Wife.—"I wish you could make dough like father used to make."—Ex.

"That a grave mistake," sobbed the man when he found he had been weeping over the wrong tombstone.—Ex.

Athletics

Irving B. Hone, '07, *Editor*

Football, basket ball and hockey have died with the winter months. Now we are in a position to take up our spring sports.

Our prospects for a good baseball team are very dim indeed. With the last graduation class went some of our best players, but with the incoming freshmen class, we expect to greatly strengthen our team, so that it may be on a par with our former teams. Now, fellows, the manager appeals to you, "Come out and try for the team." Everyone shall be given a thorough try-out.

Last year's tennis team did itself great credit, having won ninety percent. of the matches played. All of the members of the team are still in the school and they expect to make even a better record this coming season.

The courts are in fine shape. More are being laid out and should be ready by June fifteenth. Even though the team is still in the school, we have yet some excellent material which has not made itself available. "Everybody come out and try for the team." It won't die of improvements.

On May 28th, we hold our first dual track meet with the Young Men's Hebrew Association of Philadelphia. Many valuable prizes are offered for the several events, most of which we should capture as they would make dandy decorations in our new hall.

The squad is out most every day and is quickly rounding into shape under the able training of our coach.

Before a very enthusiastic crowd Farm School held its annual field day sports on Farm School grounds, June 3. The crowds on the grand stand and in the field possessed all the

spirits of ancient Olympic throngs, and the enthusiasm of a college football crowd. From start to finish the yelling for the favorites never ceased. The most interesting event of all was the running high jump. When it reached up to 5-3, it put all men out but two. After reaching five feet five and a half inches Miller, of Farm School, cleared it by two inches to the good. The students went wild with joy. This event took the very best cup, and it made the Young Men's Hebrew Association feel sore to think that the young farmer could capture the first prize.

In the hop, step and jump Miller took second prize.

In the broad jump A. Schlessinger of N. F. S., took second. In the mile run J. Stabinsky took second. In the half mile L. Leib took second. In the 220 M. Major took second. This makes six prizes for Farm School, while last year Farm School secured one prize.

A game of base ball was played in the afternoon, Farm School winning by a score of 16 to 4. Miller succeeded in striking out 15 men. Rudley, Schlessinger, Schulman and Stabinsky did good playing for Farm School.

The event was arranged for May 28, but owing to rain it was put off for the later date and enabled us to publish the results in the June number.

+ + +

Mary had a fountain pen,
Its ink was black as jet,
And every time she used the thing
It leaked a quart, you bet.—Ex.

MERELY IN FUN

E. I. Lee, '04.

"A woman's form is her fortune"—lots of men have made fortunes off of women's forms.

Askem.—"What did the tramp say when you accused him of stealing the rug?"

Tellem.—"He said that he had only taken a little nap."

A mutual agreement — when two deaf and dumb people come to terms.

Pat.—"I wonder how Mrs. Fogarty's goat felt after eating that quilt."

Mike.—"Sort of down in the mouth, I guess."

First Sport.—"I see by this morning's paper, that O'Rourke, the pugilist is in town."

Second Sport. — "When did he land?"

First Sport.—"On his opponent's jaw in the seventh round last night and secured a knock-out."

City Youth.—"I thought you said that you were in the butter business."

Countryman.—"So I am, I'm a breeder of rams."

City Youth.—"How is business?"

Countryman.—"Oh, a little behind."

AS THEY DO IN CHICAGO

He asked her if she loved him still,
She thought him much too bold by far
And as he landed in the street,
He read his answer in the stars.

Put not your trust in kings—they can be beaten by aces.

Women are now going as far in their invasion of the male employment ranks as to become undertakers. Well, I've seen many a woman who could give a man a "good laying out."

A wise man claims that spotted fever, (the latest disease that has perplexed the physicians) originated in a poker game. He says he knows the party who got the fever from holding four ace spots.

RIPS FROM THE BUZZ SAW

Elmore I. Lee, '04.

"Love is blind"—that is the reason so many people fall all over themselves to get married.

A camel can go eight days without water;" how about camel's-hair underwear?

"Two swallows do not make a summer," but I've seen the time when they made a fall.

Man is made of dust and since the day of his creation his whole life has been spent in accumulating more of it.

No matter how clever an actor may be in the act of making up, he often finds it a serious problem when it comes to making up his mind.

The rose may have its thorns, but it's the drunkard who gets the jag.

Opportunity knocks at every man's door but once, but often so softly that he cannot hear him. If man could hear him, perhaps he might give vent to his feelings in that good old aphorism: "If you can't boost, don't knock."

A chicken is devoid of teeth, yet the cook will stuff it full of filling.

A man about to start into business may be likened unto a looking glass; neither can get along without the backing.

A centipede is a very small insect, but with every move it covers one hundred feet.

Never enter into a business pact with an apothecary, for no matter how positive you may be in your opinions for success he will always have his scruples.

Some women go through a great deal in this world, this is especially true of their husband's pants pockets.

Never take a man at his word for he is apt to be a man of few words.

People without money are like the mercury in a thermometer on a cold winter's day—down in the pocket.

SPLASHES OF WIT

Elomre I. Lee, '04

Why the Difference?

Now here's a little knowledge,
Which can't be found in books;
A woman's always younger
Than she really looks.
But on the other hand take man,
And when his age is told
The touburst in invariably,
"He does not look that old."

A Lasting Quality.

'Tis very strange, yet true, you'll find,
And that beyond a doubt;
Those X-mas presents ties so loud
It seems will ne'er wear out.

A Press Notice

He kissed her ruby, but she
Resented his caress;
Said he, "I knew naught you were
'gainst,
The liberty of the press.

"Familiarity Breeds Contempt."

Jones sent a comic postal,
To Smith of friendly clan,
My dear old chum, I trust you're well,
'Twas thus the postal ran.
But Smith is mad as blazes,
To be revenged vows he;
For some wise guy had added
To chump a single "p."

Passenger (starting up)—"Perhaps
you don't know who I am. I'm pres-
ident of this road. My face is my
ticket."

Conductor.—Very well, sir; I'm or-
dered to punch all tickets.—Ex.

There is an old man in Calcutta,
Who eats oleo 'stead of Butter;
Not because—Donnerwetter—
He thinks it is better

But because he thinks it is butter.—
Ex.

There are two sides to every story,
your side and—the wrong side.—Ex.

Half the truth will very often
amount to absolute falsehood.—Ex.

SOME FRESHMAN DOGGEREL

My Dream.

I lie on the lawn under a tree;
The grass is my bed, my quilt the sky
I inhale the air, fresh and free
And smell the fragrance of the rye.
I look at the stars, how brightly they
glitter,
I feel the breeze that moves the
I forget my toil, hard and bitter,
leaves.
I forget my fatigue and day's griefs.
I close my eyes, regardless of the
charms,
Which make so pleasant the night.
Soon I feel sleep's downy arms
And everything disappears from my
eyes.

Sweetly I sleep after hard toil,
And I see a beautiful dream:
I am a farmer and till the soil,
Make hay and clover, butter and
cream

I rise in the morning and meet crea-
tion.
Waking up from its short sleep.
I begin to work with zeal and emotion
Until night makes her round trip.
I feel no apprehension and a yoke of
a master.

I act according to my choice;
I don't hear the words: "Hurry up
and faster,"

And an overseer's reproaching voice.
Suddenly I heard the ringing of the
bell,

And to attend my details I ran.
Now who can predict and surely tell
If such a dream I'll surely see again?

JULIUS LEIBERT.

LIFE IN SINGAPORE

(Continued from page 10)

sudden storm and then dried myself
in the sun in twenty minutes, and
as a finale caught a fresh dose of ma-
laria in the mist arising from the
drying swamps. It's a fine place I
assure you."

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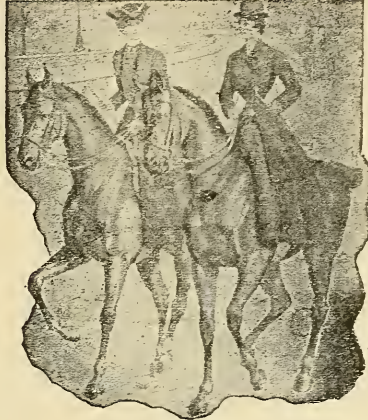
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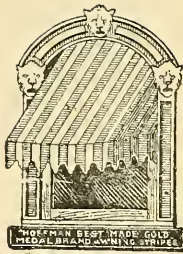
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